

baby ^{into} the air, saying, " This Is your moon !
The child squalls and rolls over on the ash-heap.
Then the mother snatches up the Infant and nurses it;
so they go home.¹

The Guarayos Indians, who Inhabit the gloomy tropical infants forests of Eastern Bolivia, lift up their children in the *jF^etSh^uted* air at new moon in order that they may grow.² Among moon by the Aplnagos Indians, on the Tocantins River in Brazil, the *suar*" French traveller Castelnau witnessed a remarkable dance by Indians of moonlight. The Indians danced in two long ranks which *ancAhe* faced each other, the women on one side, the men on the Apinagos

Indians of other, between the two ranks of dancers blazed a great fire. The men were painted in brilliant colours, and for the most part wore white or red skull-caps made of maize-flour and resin. Their dancing was very monotonous and consisted of a jerky movement of the body, while the dancer advanced first one leg and then the other. This dance they accompanied with a melancholy song, striking the ground with their weapons. Opposite them the women, naked and unpainted, stood in a single rank, their bodies bent slightly forward, their knees pressed together, their arms swinging. In measured time, now forward, now backward, so as to join hands. A remarkable figure in the dance was a personage painted scarlet all over, who held in his hand a rattle composed of a gourd full of pebbles. From time to time he leaped across the great fire which burned between the men and the women. Then he would run rapidly in front of the women, stopping now and then before one or other

and performing a series of strange gambols, while he shook his rattle violently. Sometimes he would sink with one knee to the ground, and then suddenly throw himself backward. Altogether the agility and endurance which he displayed were remarkable. This dance lasted for hours. When a woman was tired out she withdrew, and her place was taken by another; but the same men danced the monotonous dance all night. Towards midnight the moon attained the zenith and flooded the scene with her bright rays. A change

¹ Henri A. Junoel, *The Life of a - A. tf(Jrl Agny,l"oyagedaHsPA Mti't- South African Tribe.* (Ncuchatel, 1912- qitti Mcriditionalc[^] Hi. i^{ro} Partie (Paris 1913), i. 51. and Strasburg, 1844), p. 24.
PT. IV. VOL. II L